

THE SWORD OF THE LORD

and of John R. Rice

"And they cried, The Sword of the Lord, and of Gideon." Judges 7:20.

An Independent Religious Weekly, Standing for the Verbal Inspiration of the Bible, the Deity of Christ, His Blood Atonement, Salvation by Faith, New Testament Soul Winning and the Premillennial Return of Christ. Opposes Sin, Modernism, and Denominational Overlordship

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Editor's Picture Free With One Subscription

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Many people write Editor John R. Rice continually, asking for his picture. In the past I have been unable to give my picture to most of my friends who ask for it, simply because of the expense. Many times it has been suggested that I give my picture to those who subscribe for *The Sword of the Lord* or who help on the radio program, etc., but I would not do it. At last, however, for the sake of *The Sword of the Lord* and new subscriptions, I have consented. Therefore, we are now offering absolutely free with every subscription to *The Sword of the Lord* for one year at \$1.00, a large 8 x 10 inch photograph. I had it made especially for this purpose. I put on my best suit of clothes, a blue silk tie that someone gave me, combed my hair well, and sat for this photograph. I was thinking about the readers of *The Sword of the Lord* when this picture was taken. The pictures are as wide as four columns of this paper, and as long as all five columns on a page, actually 8 inches by 10 inches. It is the kind of enlarged photograph that you would expect to pay heavily for. It is printed on double thickness, rough finish photographic paper, the regular kind used by the finest studios for the nicest photographs. The picture is not framed. Each one may frame it as he likes. I am only able to offer this picture to friends by having them made in large lots, beginning at 250.

Send a subscription to anybody you wish at \$1.00 a year. They will (CONTINUED ON PAGE 2)

FEED MY SHEEP

BY JUDSON RUDD

"... Lovest thou me more than these?" With these words of tender pleading the Lord still tests my devotion and your devotion to Him and our yieldedness to His Blessed Will. And as in Peter's case we cannot by any means answer in the affirmative without the same absolute and inflexible claim on our devotion—"Feed My Sheep."

When visions of business, of profession, of property, of home ties, of personal comforts and attachments come before our eyes, we may try to answer, "Thou knowest I love thee;" but the question comes back again, "Lovest thou me?"—is it truly love if these other things stand between?

Yes, we have given up many of these things for Him, so our pride is offended to be thus embarrassed with the persistent question, "more than these?" But pride in our devotion to Him cannot silence the claim, "Feed My Sheep."

Then, with the issue beyond argument, so far as we are concerned, perhaps life itself being involved, we ask the Lord about the other fellow: "What shall this man do?" And to us comes the answer, "What is that to thee? Follow thou me."

But how glorious, when Self has been dealt with and buried, that we can be assured of fruit and abundant harvest. There is real joy, no matter just what may be involved for us in "feeding sheep."

THE BIBLE

BY AMOS R. WELLS

"Let the Word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord." — Col. 3:16.

When I am tired, the Bible is my bed;
Or in the dark, the Bible is my light;
When I am hungry, it is vital bread;
Or fearful, it is armour for the fight;
When I am sick, 'tis healing medicine;
Or lonely, thronging friends I find therein.

If I would work, the Bible is my tool;
Or play, it is a harp of happy sound.
If I am ignorant, it is my school;
If I am sinking, it is solid ground.
If I am cold, the Bible is my fire;
And wings, if boldly I aspire.

Should I be lost, the Bible is my guide;
Or naked, it is raiment, rich and warm.
Am I imprisoned, it is ranges wide;
Or tempest-tossed, a shelter from the storm.
Would I adventure, 'tis a gallant sea;
Or would I rest, it is a flowery lea.

The Big Question

Published by The Gospel Publishing Company, Gerber, California

The big question is, "Have you been born again?" Not, "Have you joined a church?" or "Are you trying to do your best?" or "Have you got religion?" — but, "Are you born again?" "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God" (John 3:3).

We become members of the human family by a birth; we become members of the family of God by a birth — *being born again*. There is no other way to get into God's family except by the *new birth*. Education will not do it. Reformation will not do it. Joining a church will not do it. Being religious will not do it. Making up your mind to do better will not do it. Trying to do your best will not do it. "You must be born again" (John 3:7).

By physical birth we become partakers of the human family; by being *born again* we become "partakers of the divine nature" (II Peter 1:4). The Second Birth is not an improvement of the old nature, it is the imparting of a new nature — entirely new. The old nature is unimprovable. In God's sight it is hopelessly corrupt and incapable of ever being made fit for His presence (Rom. 3:9-20). The new birth requires a creative act of the Holy Spirit. "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature" (II Cor. 5:17).

Christianity is Christ

Christianity is not religion. Christianity is *life* — the life of the Lord Jesus Christ introduced in us at the moment we are *born again*. "I am come that they might have life" (John 10:10). "He that hath the Son hath life" (I John 5:12). "To me to live is Christ" (Phil. 1:21).

Not Trying but Trusting

"Trying to follow Christ," is not Christianity. Christianity is not imitation of Christ; it is the indwelling of Christ. Christianity is not trying to do anything; it is *trusting Christ, who has done it all!* He has finished the work and there is nothing left to do, simply *trust Him*, who said, "It is finished!" He shed His precious blood on the Cross and the work is all done, once and forever.

How May I be "Born Again?"

Simply "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ" (Acts 16:31). "As many as received Him, to them" (CONTINUED ON PAGE 3)

Editor In Lincoln, Nebraska, Revival

Beginning last Tuesday night, March 9th, the editor is in a revival with the City Wide Tabernacle, Brother C. F. Stark, pastor, at Lincoln, Nebraska. God willing, I will continue there through Sunday night, May 21st. Readers are invited to pray that God will bless in the salvation of many souls in these revival services. Lincoln is an important city, the capital of the state, and has the reputation of being a difficult field.

The pastor, Brother Stark, we met in Minnesota and Chicago. He once taught, as we recall, in Dr. Riley's Northwestern Bible School in Minneapolis and his doctrinal position is fundamentally sound. We anticipate joyful fellowship with readers of *The Sword of the Lord* in that area.

MOTHERS TO BE HONOURED

(Written by Joe B. Rice)

God's Word Exalted, and We Trust, Souls To Be Saved

In the Sunday morning service at the Fundamental Baptist Church, Sunset and Tyler Streets. Bouquets are to be presented to the oldest mother and to the youngest mother present and also to the mother who has the largest number of members of her family present in the services Sunday morning.

In the absence of the pastor, the assistant pastor, Joe B. Rice, will bring the message. Many scriptures will be used that should be especially helpful and comforting to mothers. An appeal will be made for sons and daughters to accept Christ and meet mother in Heaven.

Mothers, won't you do your part by insisting that every member of your family, and especially the unsaved, accompany mother to church. Let us all do our best to win the lost to Christ.

Rev. Joe B. Rice will be in charge of all services at Sunset and Tyler Sunday; Sunday school, 9:30; morning service, 10:45; evening service, 7:45; also services over WRR, 7:30 to 8:00.

Subscribe for

THE SWORD OF THE LORD

"My Infidelity and What Became of It"

BY DR. B. H. CARROLL

(Taken from the book, *Jesus the Christ*, published by Baird-Ward Press, Nashville, Tenn. Originally published by American Baptist Publication Society, to whom grateful acknowledgement is made).

I cannot remember when I began to be an infidel. Certainly at a very early age—even before I knew what infidelity meant. There was nothing in my home life to begot or suggest it. My father was a self-educated Baptist minister, preaching—mainly without compensation—to village or country churches. My mother was a devoted Christian of deep and humble piety. There were no infidel books in our home library, nor in any other accessible to me. My teachers were Christians—generally preachers. There were no infidels of my acquaintance, and no public sentiment in favor of them. My infidelity was never from without, but always from within. I had no precept and no example. When, later in life, I read infidel books, they did not make me an infidel, but because I was an infidel I sought, bought and read them. Even when I read them I was not impressed by new suggestions, but only when occasionally they gave clearer expression of what I had already vaguely felt. No one of them or all of them sounded the depths of my own infidelity or gave an adequate expression of it. They all fell short of the distance in doubt over which my own troubled soul had passed.

From unremembered time this skepticism progressed, though the progress was not steady and regular. Sometimes in one hour, as by far-shining flashes of inspiration, there would be more progress in extent and definiteness than in previous months. Moreover, these short periods of huge advances were without preceding intentions or perceptible preparations. They were always sudden and startling. Place and circumstances had but little to do with them. The doubt was seldom germane to the topic under consideration. It always leaped far away to a distant and seemingly disconnected theme, in a way unexplained by the law of the association of ideas. At times I was in the Sunday School or hearing a sermon or bowed with others in family prayer—more frequently when rambling alone in the fields or in the woods. To be awake in the stillness of the night while others slept, or to be alone in forest depths, or on boundless prairies, or on mountain heights has always possessed for me a weird fascination. Even to this day there are times when houses and people are unbearable. Frequently have I been intoxicated with thoughts of the immensity of space and the infinity of nature. Now these were the very times when skepticism made such enormous progress. "When I consider thy Heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him,

and the son of man, that thou visitest him?"

Thus before I knew what infidelity was, I was an infidel. My child-mind was fascinated by strange and sometimes horrible questionings concerning many religious subjects. Long before I had read the experiences of others, I had been borne far beyond sight of any shore, wading and swimming beyond my depth after solutions to such questions as the "philosopher's stone," the "elixir of life," and "the fountain of youth," but mainly the "chief good."

I understand now much better than then the character and direction of the questionings of that early period. By a careful retrospect and analysis of such of them as memory preserves, I now know that I never doubted the being, personality and government of God. I was never an atheist or pantheist. I never doubted the existence and ministry of angels—pure spirits never embodied. I could never have been a Sadducee. I never doubted the essential distinction between spirit and matter: I could never have been a materialist.

And as to the origin of things, the philosophy of Democritus, developed by Epicurus, more developed by Lucretius, and gone to seed in the unverified hypothesis of modern evolutionists—such a godless, materialistic anti-climax of philosophy never had the slightest attraction or temptation for me. The intuitions of humanity preserved me from any ambition to be descended from either beast or protoplasm. The serious reception of such a speculative philosophy was not merely a mental, but mainly a moral impossibility. I never doubted the immortality of the soul and conscious future existence. This conviction antedated any reading of "Plato, thou reasonest well." I never doubted the final just judgment of the Creator of the world.

But my infidelity related to the Bible and its manifest doctrines. I doubted that it was God's book; that it was an inspired revelation of His will to man. I doubted miracles. I doubted the Divinity of Jesus of Nazareth. But more than all, I doubted His vicarious expiation for the sins of men, I doubted any real power and vitality in the Christian religion. I never doubted that the Scriptures claimed inspiration, nor that they taught unequivocally the divinity and vicarious expiation of Jesus. If the Bible does not teach these, it teaches nothing. The trifling expedient of accepting the Bible as "inspired in spots" never occurred to me. To accept, with Renan, its natural parts and arbitrarily deny its supernatural, or to accept with some the book as from God, and then strike at its heart by a false interpretation that denied the divinity and vicarious expiation of Jesus—these were follies of which I was never guilty—follies for which even now I have never seen or heard a respectable excuse. To me it was always "Aut Caesar, aut nihil." What anybody wanted, in (CONTINUED ON PAGE 2)

16 Books

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"My Infidelity and What Became of It"

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

a religious way, with the shell after the kernel was gone I never could understand.

While the beginnings of my infidelity cannot be recalled, by memory I can give the date when it took tangible shape. I do know just when it emerged from chaos and outlined itself in my consciousness with startling distinctness. An event called it out of the mists and shadows into conscious reality. It happened on this wise:

There was a protracted meeting in our vicinity. A great and mysterious influence swept over the community. There was much excitement. Many people, old and young, joined the church and were baptized. Doubtless in the beginning of the meeting the conversions were what I now call genuine. Afterward many merely went with the tide. They went because others were going. Two things surprised me. First, that I did not share the interest or excitement. To me it was only a curious spectacle. The second was that so many people wanted me to join the church. I had manifested no special interest except once or twice mechanically and experimentally. I had no conviction for sin. I had not felt lost and did not feel saved. First one and then another catechized me, and that categorically. Thus: "Don't you believe the Bible?" "Yes." "Don't you believe in Christ Jesus?" "Y-e-s." "Well, doesn't the Bible say that whosoever believes in Jesus Christ is saved?" "Yes." Now mark three things: First, this catechizing was by zealous church members before I presented myself for membership. Second, the answers were historical, Sunday school answers, as from a text-book. Third, I was only thirteen years old. These answers were reported to the preachers somewhat after this fashion: "Here is a lad who believes the Bible, believes in Jesus Christ and believes that he is saved. Ought not such a one join the church?" Now came the pressure of well-meant but unwise persuasion. I will not describe it. The whole thing would have been exposed if, when I presented myself for membership, I had been asked to tell my own story without prompting or leading questions. I did not have any to tell and would have told none. But many had joined, the hour was late and a few direct questions elicited the same historical, stereotyped answers. Thus the die was cast.

Until after my baptism everything seemed unreal, but walking home from the baptism the revelation came. The vague infidelity of all the past took positive shape, and would not down at my bidding. Truth was naked before me. My answers had been educational. I did not believe that the Bible was

God's revelation. I did not believe its miracles and doctrines. I did not believe, in any true sense, in the divinity or vicarious sufferings of Jesus. I had no confidence in professed conversion and regeneration. I had not felt lost, nor did I feel saved. There was no perceptible, radical change in my disposition or affections. What I once loved, I still loved; what I once hated, I still hated. It was no temporary depression of spirit following a previous exaltation, such as I now believe sometimes comes to genuine Christians. This I knew. Joining the church, with its assumption of obligations, was a touchstone. It acted on me like the touch of Ithuriel's spear. I saw my real self. I knew that either I had no religion or it was not worth having. This certainty as to my state had no intermittence. The sensation of actual and positive infidelity was so new to me that I hardly knew what to say about it. I felt a repugnance to parade it. I wanted time and trial for its verification. I knew that its avowal would pain and horrify my family and church, yet honesty required me to say something. And so I merely asked that the church withdraw from me on the ground that I was not converted. This was not granted because the brethren thought I mistook temporary mental depression for lack of conversion. They asked me to wait and give it a trial; to read the Bible and pray. I could not make them understand, but from that time on I read the Bible as never before—read it all; read it many times; studied it in the light of my infidelity; marked its contradictions and fallacies, as they seemed to me, from Genesis to Revelation.

Two years passed away. In this interval we moved to Texas. In a meeting in Texas, when I was fifteen years old, I was persuaded to retain membership for a further examination. Now came the period of reading Christian apologies and infidel books. What a multitude of them of both kinds! Hume, Paine, Volney, Bolingbroke, Rousseau, Voltaire, Taylor, Gibbon, and others, over against Watson, Nelson, Horn, Calvin, Walker, and a host of others. In the meantime I was at college devouring the Greek, Roman and Oriental philosophies. At seventeen, being worn out in body and mind, I joined McCullough's Texas Rangers, the first regiment mustered into the Confederate service, and on the remote uninhabited frontier pursued the investigation with unabated ardor.

But now came another event. I shall not name it. It came from no sin on my part, but it blasted every hope and left me in Egyptian darkness. The battle of life was lost. In seeking the field of war, I sought war. By peremptory demand I had my church connection dissolved and turned utterly away from every semblance of Bible belief. In the hour of my darkness I turned unreservedly to infidelity. This time I brought it a broken heart and a disappointed life, asking for light and peace and rest. It was now no curious speculation: no tentative intellectual examination. It was a stricken soul, tenderly and anxiously and earnestly seeking light.

As I was in the first Confederate regiment, so I was in the last corps that surrendered; but while armies grappled and throttled each other, a darker and deadlier warfare raged within me. I do know this: my quest for the truth was sincere and unintermittent. Happy people whose lives are not blasted may effect infidelity, may appeal to its oracles from a curious, speculative interest, and may minister to their intellectual pride by seeming to be odd. It was not so with me. With all the earnestness of a soul between which sorrow and happiness the bridges were burned, I brought a broken and bleeding, but honest heart to every reputed oracle of infidelity. I did not ask life or fame or pleasure. I merely asked light to shine on the path of right. Once more I viewed the anti-Christian philosophies, no longer to admire them in what they destroyed, but to inquire what they built up, what they offered to a hungry heart and a blasted life. There now came to me a revelation as awful as when Mokanna, in Moore's "Lal-

Pay Day Some Day

BY C. B. HEDSTROM

Chairman of Chicago Christian Business Men's Committee
(Also International Committee)

Here is a remarkable book, written by a business man, not a preacher. C. B. Hedstrom came to America from Sweden as a twelve year old boy, travelling steerage. Trained by a devout Christian mother until he would not tell a lie to make sales, he was fired from his first good job. But the same bold Christian character that would not let him tell a lie, led him in two years to be the boss in the same store where he was fired! With a strange and practical directness, so business-like, so sincere, so pointed by the Holy Spirit that every heart will be touched and moved and blessed, this soul winning business man gives sketches from life and messages from the Word of God. This shoe man who preaches, this business man sold out to God, will warm and bless your heart remarkably as you read his book, or I miss my guess. I especially commend the book to preachers and to busy and wide-awake Christian business men. It is not idle palaver. When I once started the book I felt compelled to read it through in the midst of a busy day.

There are 127 pages, with nice cloth binding. The book sells for only 75c, postpaid.

We suggest that every pastor give it to his deacons and stewards and elders and expect real fruit from that sowing.

la Rookh," lifted his veil for Zelica.

Why had I never seen it before? How could I have been blind to it? These philosophies, one and all, were mere negations. They were destructive, but not constructive. They overturned and overturned and overturned; but, as my soul liveth, they built up nothing under the whole Heaven in the place of what they destroyed. I say nothing; I mean nothing. To the unstricken, curious, they are as beautiful as the aurora borealis, shining on arctic icebergs. But to me they warmed nothing and melted nothing. No flowers bloomed and no fruit ripened under their cheerless beams. They looked down on my bleeding heart as the cold, distant, pitiless stars have ever looked down on all human suffering. Whoever, in his hour of real need, makes abstract philosophy his pillow, makes cold, hard granite his pillow; whoever looks trustingly into any of its false faces, looks into the face of a Medusa, and is turned to stone. They are all wells without water, and clouds without rain.

I have witnessed a drouth in Texas. The earth was iron and the heavens brass. Dust clouded the thoroughfares and choked the travelers. Water courses ran dry, grass scorched and crackled, corn leaves twisted and wilted, stock died around the last water holes, the ground cracked in fissures, and the song of birds died out in parched throats. Men despaired. The whole earth prayed: "Rain, rain, rain! O Heaven, send rain!" Suddenly a cloud rises above the horizon and floats into vision like an angel of hope. It spreads a cool shade over the burning and glowing earth. Expectation gives life to desire. The lowing herds look up. The shriveled flowers open their tiny cups. The corn leaves untwist and rustle with gladness. And just when all trusting, suffering life opens up her confiding heart to the promise of relief, the cloud, the cheating cloud like a heartless coquette gathers her drapery about her and floats scornfully away, leaving the angry sun free to dart his fires of death into the open heart of all suffering life. Such a cloud without rain is any form of infidelity to the soul in its hour of need.

Who then can conjure by the name of Voltaire? Of what avail in that hour is Epicurus or Zeno, Huxley or Darwin? Here now was

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 3)

Any sound religious book in print may be gotten from The Sword Book Room, 207 South Beckley, Dallas. A non-profit missionary enterprise, only the best sold, no modernism nor trash. Write us for prices. Scofield Bibles, etc.

Editor's Picture

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get the subscription to the paper and you may have the editor's picture if you like. Or send your own subscription, and take the subscription and picture both for yourself, just as you like. The picture may be sent to one person and the subscription to another. The offer is good for both new and renewal subscriptions during a limited time.

Do not try to buy the picture. I have given instruction to the office force not to sell it to anybody for less than \$1.00. We are offering it only in connection with the paper and no other way. I hope Mrs. Rice will buy a subscription for somebody so she can have a picture. I hope even my most intimate friends will not ask me for a copy of this picture except on this basis, as a free gift with a \$1.00 subscription to *The Sword of the Lord*.

I will be glad to autograph the picture with a favorite Scripture reference also. I hope that many hundreds of you will subscribe for the paper and take the picture because I want the subscriptions for *The Sword of the Lord*. Then I hope that every one of you will let the picture remind you to pray for this unworthy editor in his heavy burdens.

Send your subscription to *The Sword of the Lord* to 207 South Beckley, Dallas, Texas. Remember that the picture is not a cheap, gloss print, but an expensive enlarged photograph, 8 x 10 inches in size.

Another Worker Goes to Moody Institute

BY VIOLA WALDEN

Miss Eula Lee, manager of the Sword Book Room, left last Friday morning for Moody Bible Institute in Chicago. For several months Miss Eula has been superintendent of the Cradle Roll Department and the Beginner's Department at the Fundamental Baptist Church, and she has felt a need for further training in child evangelism. The Lord seemed clearly to lead her to Moody. She has endeared herself to us here in the office and the whole church. We will miss her, but knowing she is in the Lord's will, we are happy. She is the second one to leave in a week's time for Moody from our church.

Miss Fairy Shappard is happy in her work in Moody. We covet your prayers for these two young ladies.

Why We Rejoice

"I Have Rededicated My Life to The Lord"

"Dear Brother Rice: I have just finished reading your article on *Satan Hates God's Preachers*. I have rededicated my life to the Lord and want you to pray for me that I may overcome the temptations of the devil and may win more souls to Jesus Christ. Brother Chenault's death has stirred me deeply, and I resolve to pray more for our preachers that are fighting sin. I think you are doing a wonderful work, and may God's richest blessings rest on you and yours . . ."

Mrs. V. W.
Stamford, Texas.

NEW BOOKS

George W. Truett

A Biography By Powhatan W. James

People have long looked for the life story of Dr. George W. Truett, that famed and loved southern Baptist preacher. Soul winner, pastor, denominational leader, and great preacher, Dr. Truett is loved and revered as few men in the world. Here is a story of his life, written by his son-in-law. It is full of interesting material concerning the family, birthplace, childhood, conversion, call to the ministry and life work of Dr. Truett who is today the most honored Baptist in the world as President of the Baptist World Alliance. The book tells of Dr. Truett's war work in France, of his missionary tour in South America, of his remarkable influence in the city of Dallas, of his leadership in denominational affairs. It quotes stirring passages from his sermons. 277 large pages, seventeen illustrations, fifteen chapters, and index. Published by Macmillan. This book would be received with special gratitude by preachers as a gift.

Price, postpaid..... **\$2.50**

Jesus the Christ

By B. H. Carroll

Dr. B. H. Carroll, the founder of the Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary at Fort Worth, great southern theologian and defender of the faith, has been dead many years. Dr. J. B. Cranfill has edited this book of sermons by Dr. Carroll on "Jesus the Christ."

Lovers of Dr. Carroll should have this book. Two chapters make it worth keeping continually at hand. They are Chapter I, "My Infidelity and What Became of It," telling the wonderful story of Dr. Carroll's conversion from infidelity to Christ, and the last magnificent Chapter XV, a sermon to preachers, on the text, "I Magnify Mine Office," from Romans 11:13. This sermon was delivered before the Baptist General Convention of Texas at Belton on October 7th, 1892. The editor's father heard that sermon and has often talked about the grandness of it and how profoundly it influenced the lives of many preachers. Cloth bound, 217 pages. Price, postpaid..... **\$1.50**

The Dynamic of A Dream

The life story of Dr. W. B. Riley by his wife, Marie Acomb Riley. Dr. William B. Riley has long been the beloved leader of fundamentalism in America. He has been for more than forty years pastor of the First Baptist Church of Minneapolis; is the founder and president of Northwestern Bible School and Northwestern Evangelical Seminary, the author of many splendid books. Pastor Riley has been greatly used of God in the winning of multiplied thousands of souls, and in the confounding of infidels, evolutionists and others who would tear down faith in the Word of God. Many look upon him as the most influential defender of the old faith in America.

This story of his life is beautifully written, and full of facts secured from Dr. Riley's notebooks. There are pictures, dates, names, places, details that interest and inspire. Dr. Riley's childhood, his education, his pastorates, his work as an educator, as a soul winner, as an author and debater are well covered. Mrs. Riley has done a remarkable work. 201 pages, cloth binding. Price, postpaid, only..... **\$1.50**

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and of John R. Rice

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The Big Question

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

gave He power to become the children of God, even to them that believe on His Name; which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God" (John 1:12, 13).

What Is Meant by "Believe?"

To "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," means more than believing the historic facts concerning Him. To believe on Christ unto salvation means to rely on Christ alone. It is not Christ and my church; or, Christ and baptism; or, Christ and my faith. It is not Christ and — anything else! It is to trust Christ alone, so utterly and completely that if He should fail — there is nothing left!

How May I Know That I Am "Born Again?"

God says, "He that heareth my word and believeth him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into judgment, but is passed from death unto life" (John 5:24). If you have thus believed you are saved, you are born again; you are passed out of death into life — for God says so!

One Final Word

You may "belong to a church;" you may be "a church officer;" you may be "very religious;" you may be "a great church goer;" you may be "very active in church work;" you may be "striving to live right." You may be looked up to, honored, respected, revered; and yet, if you have not been born again, you are just as lost and on your way to Hell as though you had never heard of Christ. Yes, you may teach in the Sunday School, be a preacher of the Gospel, be gifted in prayer, read the Bible, sing, shout, feel happy, talk in tongues, and all the rest — but if you have never been born again you are still in your sins and a stranger to the Lord Jesus Christ (Matt. 7:21-23). "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God" (John 3:3).

"He that is of God heareth God's Word" (John 8:47), he is a doer, not a deceiver of himself (James 1:22; I Thess. 2:13). Christ is his Lord (Rom. 10:9), and he is led of the Spirit as proof that he is a son of God (Rom. 8:14). The Word lifts him out of this world and out of death (John 5:24; 17:6; 10:3-5). It places him in the Body called His Church (Eph. 1:22), "against which the gates of Hell shall not prevail" (Matt. 16:18); and of which Jesus Christ is head (Eph. 1:22; Col. 1:17-19). The membership of His Church is chosen and builded together by the Holy Spirit (I Cor. 12:13, 18, 25), for God's dwelling place (Eph. 2:

"My Infidelity and What Became of It"

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2)

my case: I had turned my back on Christianity, and had found nothing in infidelity; happiness was gone and death would not come.

The Civil War had left me a wounded cripple on crutches, utterly poverty-stricken and loaded with debt. The internal war of infidelity, after making me roll hopelessly the ever-falling stone of Sisyphus, vainly climb the revolving wheel of Ixion and stoop like Tantalus to drink waters that ever receded, or reach out for fruit that could not be grasped, now left me bound like Prometheus on the cold rock, while vultures tore with beak and talons a life that could suffer, but could not die.

At this time, two books of the Bible took hold of me with unearthly power. I had not a thought of their inspiration, but I knew from my experience that they were neither fiction nor allegory — the Book of Job and the Book of Ecclesiastes. Some soul had walked those paths. They were histories, not dreams and not mere poems. Like Job, I believed in God; and like him had cried, "Oh, that I knew where I might find him! that I might come even to his seat! . . . Behold, I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him: on the left hand, where he doth work, but I cannot behold him: he hideth him-

self on the right hand, that I cannot see him: but he knoweth the way that I take." Like Job, I could not find answers in nature to the heart's sorest need and the most important questions; and, like Job, regarding God as my adversary, I

19-22; I Peter 2:5). His Church is outside of all men's counterfeits and is known by "suffering reproach" (Heb. 13:13). It is everywhere evil spoken of (Acts 28:22). This has always been true of faithful saints (Acts 7:52; Matt. 23:29-33); for it was so designed to save us from deception. The Divine pattern given in I Tim. 1:16, and agreement throughout Holy Writ confirms this. See Acts 14:22; II Cor. 4:17; Phil. 1:29; I Thess. 3:3, 4; II Thess. 1:4, 5; Heb. 11:25).

Friend, are you in *This Way* which was chosen for your eternal glory? Are you identified with *The Church*, which soon will be reigning forever with its Lord and Saviour, or, are you identified with the hopeless confusion of the deadly mixture of men's substitutes — the Modern Babylon? If you have thus detoured, then hear God say, "Come out of her my people, and be not partakers of her sins" (Rev. 18:4). Take your place in separation, outside the camp, and you will know God as your Father, and have your needs supplied from unlimited quarters (II Cor. 6:17, 18).

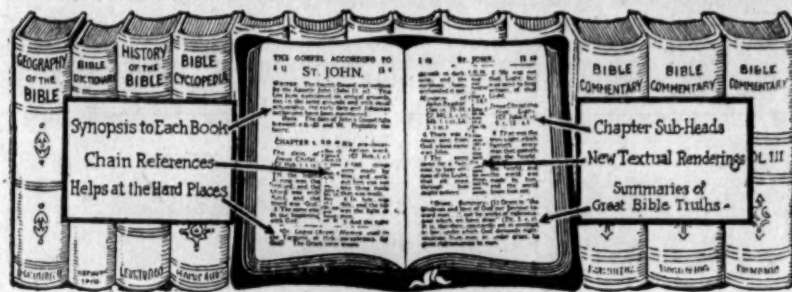
"COME NOW; and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool" (Isa. 1:18).

had cried out for a revelation: "Oh, that one would hear me! behold, my desire is, that the Almighty would answer me, and that mine adversary had written a book. Surely I would take it upon my shoulder, and bind it as a crown to me." Like Job, I felt the need of a mediator who as a man could

enter into my case, and as divine could enter into God's case, and, like Job, I had complained: "He is not a man as I am, that I should answer him, and we should come together in judgment. Neither is there any daysman betwixt us, that might lay his hand upon us both."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 4)

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"My Infidelity and What Became of It"

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3)

And thus I approached my twenty-second year.

I had sworn never to put my foot in another church. My father had died believing me lost. My mother — when does a mother give up a child? — came to me one day and begged, for her sake, that I would attend one more meeting. It was a Methodist camp meeting, held in the fall of 1865. I had not an atom of interest in it. I liked the singing, but the preaching did not touch me.

But one day I shall never forget. It was Sunday at eleven o'clock. The great wooden shed was crowded. I stood on the outskirts, leaning on my crutches, wearily and somewhat scornfully enduring. The preacher made a failure even for him. There was nothing in his sermon. But when he came down, as I supposed to exhort as usual, he startled me not only by not exhorting, but by asking some questions that seemed meant for me. He said, "You that stand aloof from Christianity and scorn us simple folks, what have you got? Answer honestly before God, have you found anything worth having where you are?" My heart answered in a moment: "Nothing under the whole heaven; absolutely nothing." As if he had heard my unspoken answer, he continued: "Is there anything else out there worth trying, that has any promise in it?" Again my heart answered: "Nothing; absolutely nothing. I have been to the jumping-off place on all these roads. They all lead to a bottomless abyss." "Well, then," he continued, "admitting there's nothing there, if there be a God, mustn't there be a something somewhere? If so, how do you not know it is not here? Are you willing to test it? Have you the fairness and courage to try it? I don't ask you to read any book, nor study any evidences, nor make any difficult and tedious pilgrimages; that way is too long and time is too short. Are you willing to try it now; to make a practical, experimental test, you to be the judge of the result?" These cool, calm and pertinent questions hit me with tremendous force, but I didn't understand the test. He continued: "I base my test on these two Scriptures: 'If any man willeth to do his will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God; Then shall we know if we follow on to know the Lord.' For the first time I understood the import of these scriptures. I had never

before heard of such a translation for the first, and had never examined the original text. In our version it says: "If any man will do the will of God, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God." But the preacher quoted it: "Whosoever willeth to do the will of God," showing that the knowledge as to whether the doctrine was of God depended not upon external action and not upon exact conformity with God's will, but upon the internal disposition — "whosoever willeth or wishes to do God's will." The old translation seemed to make knowledge impossible; the new impracticable. In the second scripture was also new light: "Then shall we know if we follow on to know the Lord," which means that true knowledge follows persistence in the prosecution of it: that is, it comes not to temporary and spasmodic investigation.

So when he invited all who were willing to make an immediate experimental test to come forward and give him their hands, I immediately went forward. I was not prepared for the stir which this action created. My infidelity and my hostile attitude toward Christianity were so well known in the community that such action on my part developed quite a sensation. Some even began to shout. Whereupon, to prevent any misconception, I arose and stated that I was not converted, that perhaps they misunderstood what was meant by my coming forward; that my heart was as cold as ice; my action meant no more than that I was willing to make an experimental test of the truth and power of the Christian religion, and that I was willing to persist in subjection to the test until a true solution could be found. This quieted matters.

The meeting closed without any change upon my part. The last sermon had been preached, the benediction pronounced and the congregation was dispersing. A few ladies only remained seated near the pulpit and engaged in singing. Feeling that the experiment was ended and the solution not found, I remained to hear them sing. As their last song they sang:

"O land of rest for thee I sigh,
When will the moment come
When I shall lay my armor by
And dwell in peace at home."

The singing made a wonderful impression upon me. Its tones were as soft as the rustling of angel's wings. Suddenly there flashed upon my mind, like a light from heaven, this scripture: "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." I did not see Jesus with my eye, but I seemed to see Him standing before me, looking reproachfully and tenderly and pleadingly, seeming to rebuke me for having gone to all other sources for rest but the right one, now inviting me to come to Him. In a moment I went, once and forever, casting myself unreservedly and for all time at Christ's feet, and in a moment the rest came, indescribable and unspeakable, and it has remained from that day until now.

I gave no public expression of the change which had passed over me, but spent the night in the enjoyment of it and wondering if it would be with me when morning came. When the morning came, it was still with me, brighter than the sunlight and sweeter than the songs of birds, and now, for the first time, I understood the scriptures which I had often heard my mother repeat: "Ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands" (Isa. 55:12).

When I reached home, I said nothing about the experience through which I had passed, hiding the righteousness of God in my own heart; but it could not be hidden. As I was walking across the floor on my crutches, an orphan boy whom my mother had raised noticed and called attention to the fact that I was both whistling and crying. I knew that my mother heard him, and to avoid observation, I went at once to my room, lay down on the bed and covered my face with my hands. I heard her coming. She pulled my hands away from my face and gazed long and steadfastly upon me without a word. A light came over her face

that made it seem to me as the shining on the face of Stephen, and then, with trembling lips, she said, "My son, you have found the Lord." Her happiness was indescribable. I don't think she slept that night. She seemed to fear that with sleep she might dream and wake to find that the glorious fact was but a vision of the night. I spent the night at her bedside reading Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. I read it all that night, and when I came

with the pilgrims to the Beulah Land, from which Doubting Castle could be seen no more forever, and which was within sight of the Heavenly City and within the sound of the heavenly music, my soul was filled with such a rapture and such an ecstasy of joy as I had never before experienced. I knew then as well as I know now, that I would preach; that it would be my life work; that I would have no other work.

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